CHRISTES Bloodie Sweat,

or the

SONNE OF GOD

in his

AGONIE.

By. *I. F.*

LONDON.
Printed by Ralph Blower, and are to be sold
at his house vpon Lambert hill.
1613.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, WILLIAM Earle of PEMBROOKE, &c. One of his Maiesties most Honorable priuie Counsaile, and Knight of the Noble *Order of the Garter, &c.*

RIGHT HONORABLE, as your Titles doe ennoble your Vertues, so (in the Iudgement of those that know you) your Vertues doe as much more intitle your Nobleneſſe: which two, in this age, doe so seldome meete in one, as most vsually to bee Great, and to bee Good, is required a double person. It is not so (and it is not so reported) in you; being reputed therein to deserue the Honours you possesse, for chiefly louing the desertfull. These assurances, haue encouraged mee, to offer to your iudicious view, this little labour, which containes but a Summarie of the Sonne of Gods sorrowes; Wherein, let mee

craue this fauour from your Noble bountie; to measure, with the defect in writing, the sweetnesse of what is written: the effect of that sweetnesse, and the benefit of that effect. And as for mee (my good Lord) I shall take comfort in my paines, if you to whom they are deuoted, (beeing wonne hereto by the generall commendation of your merit) please to allow your Patronage to one, who offers, what hee offers, in the perfect nakednesse of perfect simplicitie. Resting

A lover of your person, for your Noble worthinesse.

I. F.

¶ To such as shall peruse this Booke.

POETRIE *is so euery way made the Herauld of wantonnesse, as there is not now any thing too vncleane for lasciuious rime; which among some (in whose hearts God hath wrought better things) hath bin the cause, why so generall an imputation is laid vpon this ancient and industrious Arte. And I, to cleere (as I might) verse, from the soyle of this vnworthinesse, haue herein (at least) proued that it may deliuer good matter, with fit harmonie of words, though I haue erred in the latter. The way to* Doe well, *is not so doubtfull, as not to be sought; neither so darke, but it may bee found. I confesse, I haue, touching my particular, beene long carried with the doubts of* folly, youth *and* opinion, *and as long miscaried in the darknesse of vnhappinesse, both in* inuention *and* action. *This was not the path that led to a contented rest, or a respected name. In regarde whereof, I haue heere set forth the witnesse that may testifie what I desire to be. Not that many should know it, but that many should take comfort by it. And* (kind Reader) *this is my request, that faults in Printing may be charitably corrected; that the sence of the matter may be wisely* (and herein truely) *construed, and so shall yee both approue your owne Iudgements, and right the Authour in his hopes.*

Farewell.

Farewell.

CHRISTES Bloudy Sweat.

(* *)

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DOwne from ỹ throane of euerlasting grace,
Where Hoſt's of *Angells* guard eternall ſoules
The great *Vice-gerent* of his Farhers place,
Gods ſonne diſcendes, from far aboue the *Poles*:
And gently yet againe attempt's to winne,
The Monarchy of hearts vſurp't by ſinne.

Deare Ranſome where the payment is in bloud,
Deare bloud where euery droppe out-values golde,
Deare dropes, in whom lyes more the creatures good,
Then ſelfe creations treaſure can vnfolde:
Deare ranſome, deerer bloud moſt deereſt droppes,
Whoſe price is life, which life, death vnderproppes.

Death vnderpropp's that life which *Frailty* loſt,
All *Frailty* liuing in the death of one,
Of one, *all one* with all, who freely croſt,
The written booke of debt and Hell alone:
As, t'is a ſad and lamentable ſtory,
To view the paſſion of the Lord of Glory.

A Lord of *Glory, Prince* of Heauen and Peace,
An elder brother of the ſonnes of reſt,
An Heyre of *promiſe*, that with large encreaſe,
A Kingdome and an Empire hath poſſeſt: (downe,
Whereby thoſe poore weake ſoules in earth caſt
Like *Kings* in Heauen, ſhall all ſupport a Crowne.

Such thoughts as thoſe, whiles in a rauiſh't ſpirit,
Faire meditations Summoned to appeare,
Before the *Arke*, and mercie-ſeat of merrit,
A ſacred flame mixt with an holy feare,
As if Gods voyce had ſpoke, ſeem'd to inuite,
My heart to prompt, my ready hand to write.

Thou (quoth it) that haſt ſpent thy beſt of dayes,
In thirſtleſſe rimes (ſweete baytes to poyſon Youth)
Led with the wanton hopes of laude and praiſe,
Vaine ſhadowes of delight, ſeales of vntruth,
Now I impoſe new taskes vppon thy Pen,
to ſhew my ſorrowes to the eyes of Men.

Set then the tenour of thy dolefull ſong,
To the deepe accentes of my bloudy ſweate?
Sweete ſtraines of Muſicke, ſweetly mixt among,
The diſcord of my paines, the pleaſure great,
The comforts laſting that the world hath got,
By the delightfull ſound, of his ſad note.

Here then vnclaſpe the burthen of my woes,
My woes, diſtil'd into a ſtreame of teares,
My teares, begetting ſighes, which ſighes diſcloſe
A rocke of torment, which affliction beares:
My griefes, teares, ſighes, ỹ rocke, ſeas, windes vnfain'd
Whence ſhipwrackt ſoules, the Land of ſafety gayn'd.

For

For whiles incompast in a fleshly frame,
A cloude of darke mortality I liu'd:
I liu'd the subiect both of scorne and shame,
Banisht from mirth, of comfortes all depriu'd: Esay. 53.3.
Horrors with scandall, cares with cares did striue,
And euer as I liu'd, I died aliue.

Teares in mine eyes, diuision in my heart,
Disgrace vppon my name, plaintes in my breast,
Thirst in my sufferance, hunger in my smart, Mat. 4.2.
Naked and cold, impriſon'd and oppreſt:
Troubled within, tempted without, my Head Luke. 9.58.
Vncertaine, where to lead me to my bed.

Poore and forsaken euer day in daunger
Of wrath and Treason, lesser pris'd then dust,
Of all abhor'd, enen to mine owne a stranger,
No man my friend, in any friend no trust:
My miracles tearm'd diuilish, and my prayer Psal. 41.9.
Hipocrisie, my sorrowes held dispayer. Mat. 12.24.

This entertaynment in the world I had,
Yet for the world expos'd my selfe to all:
All more then this though this be all to sad,
But hereto did my Fathers will me call:
Which most aboue the rest his with paine,
Did cleaue my soule, all woe-begon in twaine.

The charge of whose hot wrath so fearefull was,
As against Nature chang'd my sweate to bloud:
Which trickling downe my cheekes vppon the grasse, Luke. 22.44
Well tould the agony wherein I stood:
An agony indeed, whose trembling heate,
Powr'd out the wonder of a bloudy sweate.

Which bloudy Sweate, for that it is a theame,
(The happie matter of a mouing ſtile)
That now I challenge from thy ſacred dreame,
And meditations (in that dreame) the while,
Thou vndertake, to Regiſter that part,
And with my ſpirit, I will guide thy heart.

Remember firſt the ſorrowes thou haſt paſt,
The ſhame thou haſt eſcap't, what thou haſt felt,
How I haue euer ſuccour'd thee at laſt,
How gently, with thee and thy ſinnes I dealt,
Thinke on the griefes, haue made thy pride decline,
For by thine owne, thou mayſt conceaue of mine.

For as the Sunne exceedes the ſmalleſt Starre,
In height of glory, in his goulden Spheres:
Whiles as I was with men, a man ſo farre,
And much more, did my horrors exceed theires:
But thou begin, and where thy ſacred fires
Waxe dimme, my breath ſhall quicken thy deſires.

Thus then I ſoone obayd the Heauenly voice,
And wrot; the weight of vengeance now increaſt,
From God the Father on his ſonne, whoſe choyce
Would not from that iniunction be releaſt:
But he muſt feele, the curſe and ſcourging rod,
Of our and his (through vs) offended God.

No ſacrifice or incenſe could appeaſe,
Or reconcile the Maieſtie aboue:
No Cuſtomary *Rites*, no *Tribute* pleaſe,
No law redeeme the breach of his deare loue:
His moſt iuſt iuſtice, would no mercy giue,
But God as man muſt die, that men may liue.

The holy and inuiolate decree, Acts. 2.23.
In his vnchaunging wisdome had appointed,
That the true way to happines should bee
Found out in bloud, and bloud of his annointed:
Whose pure Vermilion red, did fairely guild,
Sinn's blacke as night, for whō this lambe was kild. Iohn.1.29. 36.

Meeke and vnfriended to the world he came, Reue 5.8.9.
Lowly, sad, patient, in his humbled lookes 1. Zech. 9.9
The Mirror of humility; so tame, Mat 2,5.
As if his forehead had bin sorrowes bookes: Mat.11.29.
Thus whiles the Iewes hopes, with ambition wing'd, Mat.12.18.
Flew through ỹ earth, their *Sauiour* came; vn-king'd. 19.20.

Vn-king'd good man, so far from any grace
Of earthly maiestie, of Crownes of state: Mar.6.2.3.
As he was set much lower then the base, 4.5.6.7.
Beneath the sight of pittie or of hate: Luke.4.22.
Yet this is that *Messiah*, he who brings to 31.
Life in his death, makes men saints, *Saints as Kings*. Iohn.1.41.

What eye did euer see him laugh? what eares
Haue heard him speake the lauguages of pleasure? Iohn.11.
But euery eye that saw him, saw his Teares, 33.35.38.
All Eares that heard him, heard him speake in measure: Mar.8.12.
For still his wordes, with griefe such measure kept, Luke.19.41
His speech was sighes, and as he spoke, he wept, 42.

No hand did lend on little Cloth to drye,
The riuers on his cheekes, no thought bewail'd Lam.1.12
His solitary Cares, but all past by
Those vnrespected griefes, his heart assail'd
Himselfe he seem'd, as if he meant to craue,
But of himselfe, to beare him to his graue.

His precious head, crown'd with a goodly fleece,
Of hayres more precious, then are gouldenthreedes,
Appeares but as an *Artist's* Maister peece
Mat.27.29. Scarce worth to view his lockes him ouer-spreads
vntrim'd: as if they ought that head no duety,
So much his dayly woes had chaung'd his beauty.

Esay. 53.2. His face in which the *Rose* did with the lilly,
Striue curiously for chaunge in little space,
Through many vntaught sighes, appear'd so silly,
As t'was but like the ruins of a face:
Neuer was man, so excellently nam'd,
For shape, whom sadnesse had so soone vnfram'd.

Iohn.13.1. And now the fulnesse of the time drew on,
Gal.4.5. When he should pay the ransome of his death,
Eph.1.10. To make oblation of his bloud alone,
Offring the last gaspe of a guiltlesse breath:
As if his onely arrant from the wombe.
Were but to run a race vnto his Tombe.

Mat.26.37 When with the small remainder of his stocke,
A remnant of the worldes vn-numbred son's,
A little remnant, a poore simple flocke,
This pastour with those sheepe together run's,
Luk.21.37 To sequester them and himselfe apart,
That he might offer vpp to God his heart.

Not far from the *Holy Cittie* stood,
Mat.21.1. The mount of Oliuet, at whose steepe *Base*
et 24.3. *Ceadron* the riuer, with a gentle flood,
Iohn.18.1. Made Musicke to the silence of that place:
Mar.14.32. Neere which was *Gethsemane*, whereto say,
He often came and often vs'd to pray.

Retyr'd

Retyr'd from out the clamours of the day,
Our Sauiour with his chosen thither came:
That with more leysure hee might freely pray, Luke.22.4
Before the houre that must dissolue the frame
Of his mortallity, the curse and scourge
He was to beare, from sinners sinne to purge.

And feeling now th'approaching horrors neere,
Of God's inkindled wrath, the time at hand
Of coming vengeance, trembling in his feare,
(Which being man he knew not to commaund) Iohn.8.59.
His soule was heauy to the death, his heart Mat.26.28
Through wounded, ere he felt his woundes to smart.

Burst with the burthen of tormenting anguish, Esay.52.4.
Wasted with bitter throbbes, his hastning paine 7.
Did make his Manhood quake, and sadly languish
In agonyes so heauy to sustaine,
As but the Iewish malice was to heady,
New death's were needlesse, he was dead already.

In terrors buried quicke, he stroue to hast
To the prepared Sepulcher of shame:
Dreading the iudgment, heauen had ouer past
Vppon his humaine frailty hell to tame:
His flesh and God-head stroue, but he the while,
Meeke in his suffraunce, did both weepe and smile:

His God-head smil'd to see his man-hood weepe,
Remembring what his Godhead had decreed:
His man-hood did a sure full reckoning keepe,
Of euery sorrow, that could sorrow breed:
And faine he would as man from death, be-los'd
which on himselfe as God, himselfe impos'd. Iohn.10.18.

Father

Mat.26.39. Father hee pray'd, and lifted vp his eyes,
(For in his eyes he had inthron'd his heart)
Father? ah that those terrors might suffize?
Ah that this deadly banquet might depart?
In which without thy wrath, I might not sup,
The health of sicke soules, in a poyson'ed Cup.

And if it may be possible? But oh?
Mar.14.36 Let not my prayers disanull thy will?
If thine eternall counsaile order so,
That I must thy, seuere decree fulfill?
Father, so it let bee? though death hath wonne
Luke.22.42 Gayne on my flesh, yet O thy, thy will be done.
Phil.2.8.

Heere sincking downe, for being sore oppresst,
With all the worldes innumerable sinnes,
Heb.2.9. Assaulted in that conflict, and distrest,
An *Angell* comforts him, and he begins
Luke.22.43 To shake of those his feares in which he stood;
Verse.44. Which from his passions drew a sweate of blood.
ibid.

Deere eye what-soe're thou be that shall peruse,
The burthen of those lamentable lines?
An holy meditation may infuse,
A-mazement to thy soule by those faire signes:
Heere stay thy wandring gaze, and faintly heare
(Ere thou read more) thou mayst let fall a teare?

And thinke it not a labour all vn-meete,
To spend a sigh on this vnhappy view?
Wofull the subiect, but the gaine is sweete,
By which all serue no more, but raigne a new:
For euery teare of water thou canst shed?
The heart of *Christ*, a teare of bloud hath bled.

Hee

Hee sweat not droppes of bloud for his owne cause, Psal.18.23.
For hee vnblemish't lambe was innocent: 1.Pet.2.22.
Hee had obai'd no God, hee broke no Lawes, Esay.53.9.
Hee harbourd no deceit, no falshood meant,
Hee neuer wrong'd his freind by secret stealth,
Nor by oppression sought to purchase wealth.

His tongue for gaine was neuer heard to lye,
Or tu'nd to sweare, or flatter, curse, or fawne,
Lust could not traine his heart, or loue his eye,
No wanton baites of pleasure could impawne
His chast desire, to forfet to delight
The laweleese issues of a banefull night.

His meekenes thirsted not reuenge, his minde
Was neuer set on wrath, no fruitleese pride
Trauail'd new fashions curiously to finde,
He onely car'd his naked wast to hide: Luke.8.2.3
He neuer sought to be reputed braue,
So he had clothes, yet clothes could scarcely haue.

He lou'd not sloath (vnprofitable rest)
Which eates, and feedes, and onely feedes and eates:
Excesse of feeding he hath not profest,
To surfet in varietie of Meates:
His diet was not change, or choyse: his dish
Some-times a Barly loafe, some times a fish. Mat.14.19.

No Wines of mixture, or new drinkes to drowne
His soule he vs'd: he was, as Nature made him,
A drinker, but no drunkard: to vncrowne Iohn.4 7.
His innocence no friendship should perswade him: Mat.11.19.
His voyce vn-fee'd, spoke to a Nation dull, Luke.4.21.
And fed the sheepe, but would not share the Wooll. Mar.6.6.

Hee did not ſtop his eares againſt the cryes
Of harmeleſſe ſuters, to doe iuſtice right;
Hee enui'd not the great, nor did deſpiſe
The broken hearted poore, borne downe by might:
1 Iohn. 3. 5. Mat. 8. 17. But without doing euill, all to win
He loſt his life; and yet he knew no ſin.

He knew no ſinne, then needed not to ſweat
The liquid moyſture of diſſolued bloud,
For his owne faults, but ours; our faults ſo great,
As ſcant is one amongſt a thouſand good
And yet that one of thouſands, if the letter
Of life were ſurely ſcand, might bee much better.

This was that Pellican indeed, retyr'd
Into the deſert of a troubled breaſt,
Who for to pay the ranſome long deſir'd,
Conſum'd himſelfe to giue his people reſt:
A Pellican indeed, that with her bloud
Pulls out her heart, to giue her Chickens food.

He like the *Phaenix* burning in the Sun,
That from his aſhes may ſpring vp a younger,
Doth beate himſelfe to death, and will not ſhun
The fire, that weake men may in him grow ſtronger:
Heb. 9. 28. A perfect *Phaenix*, that moſt gladly dyes,
That many in his only death may riſe.

In euery ſex, and ſome of all degrees,
He ſaw the miſpent ryot of their Talent:
No ſin eſcapt the eye of his decrees,
But he beheld how apt men were to fall in't:
For ſo is prone mortalyty accurſt,
As ſtill it ſtriues to plot and woorke the woorſt.

This

This man of men did in his troubled spirit
Into a streame of soft compassion melt
His Icye bloud, that frailty might inherit
The sun of comfort, by the griefes he felt:
Each drop of bloud he shed, he, shed it then
To wash a seuerall sin from seuerall men.

Here saw he Princes in the awfull throne
Of eminencie, how wantonly they stroue
For thirst of glory, to protect alone
Religious name, not for religious loue:
Graceing the graceleſſe, in whom grace was loſt,
Such Parasites as knew to flatter moſt.

For those he sweated bloud: that they whom Heauen
Created God's, on earth, should so prophane
By courses indirect and lawes vn-euen,
Of will and sensuall lust, the law first drawne
By that eternall royalty, who stood
To watch their faults: for Kings he sweated bloud.

Here saw he such, who vnder those were plac't
In seates of greatneſſe and commaundes of state:
How fond in their madneſſe they did waſt
Their greatneſſe in ambition and debate:
Ayming not to support, but scorne the good,
By vniust force, for such he sweated bloud.

Here saw he how in *Moses* chayre thereraign'd
Scribes cloath'd in wool of Lambes, and speaking well,
But Wolues in nature, so coruptly stayn'd,
As if they were but messengers of hell:
Abusing vnlearn'd soules and *Leuits* power,
More ready, then to cherrish, to deuoure.

as hapned by *Herod.*

Leui.17.11.
Heb.19.22
Mat 2.8.
Luke.3.1.
Acts.12.21 22.
Iohn.18.22
Psal.82.1.6
Reu.17.2.
Luke.23. 12.
Acts.23.4. 5.
Mat.7.15.
Mat.23.2.
Mar.7.3.
Iohn.8.44.
Mat.23.13
Mar.12.40

Those whom the breath of God at first inspir'd
Mat.5.14. To shine as Lampes, and speake the Heauenly sound,
Eze.22.25. With *Angels* tongues, were silent, if not hir'd,
Mat.15.9. More studying with the scriptures to compound
Mar.7.7. Their owne traditions, and for those indeed,
In heauy droppes the sweat of *Christ* did bleed.

Luke.11.46 Here saw he Lawyers soberly engoun'd,
52. Wanting the Robe of Iustice: not regarding
Luk.18.2.3 The poore mans right, nor where the case was sound,
Pro.29.4. But giuing Iudgment, as he felt rewarding: (weake,
Whose tongue was bought, against that side was
Most times aswell to hold his peace, as speake:

For them he sweated bloud, and heere he saw
Iohn.12.43 Intrused iurisdiction ouer-sway'd
By partiall fauour, aboue forme of Law,
Cold Conscience, by which Conscience was betray'd:
Luke.6.37. For those condemning, were condemn'd to much,
Mat.7.1.2. As they condemn'd, He sweated bloud for such,

Luke.3.14. Heere saw he Souldiers toyling in the heat
Of cruelty, not measuring the right,
Why they bore Armes, but to content the great,
And their owne lawlesse hate prepar'd to fight,
For prey and spoyle aduenturing to rent
Their liues & soules, for those his bloud Hee spent.

as in Annas & Cayphas Iohn.18. 13.14. Heere saw he others that did keepe the sword
Of office and authority, in peace,
Compacted in a knot, not to accord
Or set at vnity strifes, but increase:
Pro.29.2. Wounding or sparing with a watchfull hand,
As some superiour person should commaund.

For

For them he ſweated bloud: heere with much griefe
He ſaw how *Schollers*, train'd with ſtrength of wit,
Inricht with knowledge, and of men the chiefe,
For knowing more then men, with ſtraynes vnfit
Did boaſt their pride, which wiſdome diſallow'd,
For being ſtill both needy and yet proud:

Eccle.10.1.2.
Mat.11.19.
Pro.14.6.

Schollers he ſaw, how fooliſhly they ſtroue,
With tearmes of Art and ſmooth beguiling rimes,
To paynt the groſenes of vnlawfull loue,
And proue the ſinnes that did corrupt the times,
Mayntayning vp-ſtart ſectes which all with-ſtood
Truthes precious light: for thoſe He ſweated bloud.

Iames.3.15
Acts.19.19
Mic.2.1.
Gal.5.20.
1.Tim.1.4.

Heere ſaw he ſome, whoſe ſeruile baſenes waited
Vppon ſuch vices as attend the great,
Whom Hell with all it's nimble turning bayted
To vſher luſts, by many a ſubtill feat,
Thoſe make good cloathes their God, & pay the (fees
Of lewdnes, with faire wordes and ſupple knees.

as the *Herodians*:
Mat.22.16.
Luke.4.25.
Mat.11.7.

For thoſe did Ieſus ſweate in bloud: with thoſe
Heere ſaw he ſome, that were in nature skil'd,
Searching the rules of Phiſicke, to diſcloſe
The treaſure that the helpe of Art could yeeld,
How Gold did prompt them, & the thirſt of wealth,
To haſten death, or to recouer health.

Mar.15.26.

Much miſchiefe and abuſe he ſaw in ſuch,
How they would cocker luſt, and ſtir vp heat
Of wanton bloud, concealing ſhame too much,
With many ſinnes too many to repeat:
For thoſe and their iniquities, *Chriſtes* griefe
Did ſweate in bloud, to giue their ſoules reliefe.

Heere saw he men, whose winged vessels brought
From lands far off, the Marchandize of profit,
Rem.18.23. How by their factors, all the world was sought,
Hos 12.7.8 For Precious wares such as made plenty of it:
Mic.6.10. And yeelded to their greedy hopes such treasure,
11.12. As they had heap't, by subtill weight and measure.

1 Cor.6.8. Thus did they wast the poore, and purchase wealth
1.Thes.4.6 By falshood in extremityes retyring
As they pretend, for benefit of health,
To their full garners: greedily conspiring
Reue.18.3. How they might starue the hungry, and still keepe
11. Their gould, for those his bloudy sweate did weepe.

such as was *Achab* to *Naboth*. Heere saw he others, curst with large posessions
Hard Landlords, raysing rentes, who still would grutch
The bread of honest gayne, by sterne oppressions,
1.Kin.21.2 Wrangling for earrh, till earth they had too much,
Psal.83.5. For those the Lord, now being man was driuen,
1.Iob.9.24 To sweat in bloud: that those might be forgiuen,
Eze.18.12.

13. Heere saw he yet a woorser sort, prouoking
et.22.12. The wrath of God, who liuing still in plenty,
13. And cunning in Arethmeticke, lay soaking
Pro.22.23. The needy: gayning on the hundred twenty:
Rom.2.5. Vnconscionable vsurers, not contented
2.Pet.3.9. With ten to one? nor one of ten repented.
Iames.5.3.

Gen.6.2. For them he sweated bloud, here saw he Creatures
In face as sweete as Angels, dy'd in grayne,
Of natures Art, fayre Miracle of features,
Wonder of beauty, loues delicious trayne,
Adorn'd with seeming graces that did shine
So glorious, as they were esteem'd deuine.

Women

Women they were, Saintes to behold, in view
Chast Matrons, but (O frailtyes curst) in triall
More vaine then vanitie, and more vntrue
Then falshood: only, only cunning in deniall:
In whose deniall vertue was so scant,
As when they not deni'd, they most will graunt.

Pro. 31. 30.
Pro. 7. 10.

Wordes, wit, and fayrnesse, or the smiling ginnes
Wherewith they catch insnar'd men: whereto heauen
Bestow'd for blessings, are but bands to sinnes
Abus'd; whom God made straight, those make euen:
Of whom the most are worst, the fewer good,
The good not free, for all he sweated bloud.

Eccle. 5. 7. 28.
Ibid. 30.

No sex was vncorrupt, but all in all,
In euery fashion, and in each degree,
Drew comfort from the sower-bitter Gall
Of his afflictions, therein to set free
That soules from bondage, and to coole that heate
Of iust damnation, in his blouldy sweate.

The tide of killing Sinnes was swollen high,
And could not be abated to an ebb,
Before the blessed Son of God must dye,
Vndoing by his death the painefull webb,
The web of endlesse paynes that Sathan lay'd,
In which the Soules of sinners were betray'd.

Rom. 3. 23. 24.

Euen as a man that treades a wearie pace,
In laborinthes, continually in doubt
To find the center of the curious trace,
Once entred, still vncertaine to get out;
Before some skillfull maister by a twist,
Doth guide him, in or out, or as he list.

Or as some *Christian* Marchant by a Turke
Surpriſd, and chayn'd, is made a gally-ſlaue,
Whipt euery day, and forc't to toyle and worke,
Conſum'd with griefe, ſtill liuing in a graue,
Vntill some one more ſtrong, doth free his payne,
And ſet's him in his wonted ſtate agayne:

So men, that in a maze of deathfull errour
1. Tim. 2. 26 Did treade the pathes of miſeries and woe,
Deu. 6. 21. Bound by that Turke the *Deuill*, ſlau'd to that terror
Of condemnation, labour'd to and fro:
Gal. 3. 26. Till *Chriſt* by death, did lead them out of ſinne,
And free'd them from the bondage they were in.

Mat. 12. 28. The Deuill could not with his actiue might
29. Preuaile againſt the Lord, but he abates
Mar. 3. 27. His policy and ſtrength; and ſkil'd in fight,
Hoſe 13. 14 Conquer's the ſting of *Death*, caſt downe hell gates,
Mat. 16. 18. Triumphes on ſinne, kept darke confuſion vnder,
2. Cor. 15. Breaking the curſed Dragons head a ſunder.
55. 56.

Gen. 3. 15. Captiuitie, led Captiue, doth vn-maske
The hideous viſor of his diſmall ſmiles,
And all the world ſhakes off the irkeſome taske
It had ſuſtayn'd, and ſee's the deadly guiles,
The fugred bane, the draught it had ſuck't vp
Of ſpiced pleaſures in a damned cup.

A damned cup, a cup of Gods fierce wrath,
Reu. 18. 3. Of fornications, of conſuming wine,
A cup, ſuch as reſtoratiues none hath,
But meere conſumptions, no way to refine
New bloud as Cordialls, but to ouer-cloy
The Dyet of the *Soule*, and *Soule* deſtroy.

All

All those hath *Christes* deere bloudy sweat layd open,
(For euen his death was but a sweate in bloud)
Offring to all in heart contrite and broken,
The benefit of life and liuing foode:
Not foode not *Manna*, that shall perish, waste,
Or stincke, but bread that shall for euer last, Iohn.6.31. 35.

For euer last? O who would spend his dayes,
In transitory follyes of delight?
Such as passe soone away, and soone decayes,
Vanish assoone as thought forgotten quite?
When they beyond all tearme of time or date
might raigne as *Kings*, but in a happier state?

This did the *Leacher* sleeping in the sheetes
Which reeke with lust, but thinke on, he would weepe;
This did the *Drunkard* reeling in the streetes
(Then only wise when hee doth onlie sleepe)
Consider, he might sigh; and not incline
To vomit out his soule in streames of wine.

This did the *Miscreants* (*Gallants* cald) who boldly,
Teare Godes eternall name, with liberall oathes;
Remember, they would pray, and not so coldly
Quench zeale, by warming pride in costly clothes:
For zeale doth last, whe clothes are worne & rotten, Iob.8.11.
Men great, once seen in rags, are soone forgotten.

This did the gamsters, spending nightes and dayes,
In loosing what they gaine (such gaine is losse)
For-cast, they would repent, and haue such playes,
Reputing mony (as it is) but drosse:
They, whiles other cheate, in hope of slime,
Ill-gotten thrift, doe cheate their selues of time.

This did the lou-ficke muſicke-ſtraining wanton,
Who leades his life in ſonnetting ſome *Ay-mees*:
Ponder, he'd ceaſe, and then there would be ſcant one
En-amourd on ſo many liſping *Shees*:
But changing better notes, they would take pittie
On their owne ſoules, and ſing a ſweeter dittie.

This did the bloody-minded butcher mildly,
Conceiue, he would not be ſo fleſht in ſtrife,
He would not ouer-giuen be ſo wildly,
To ſtabbe, to fight, to ſcorne the weight of life:
Who ſeekes a name by murther, and doth prize it,
Being termd a true braue *Spirit* hardly buyes it.

This did the mockers of th'elect and holy,
Whom God hath ſet on earth to do his will,
Regard they could not be ſo curſt in folly,
As to perſeuer in their miſchiefe ſtill:
Deſpiſing Preachers, and nicke naming thoſe,
With malice, whom the holy ghoſt choſe.

This did the women of much ſhame and badneſſe,
Who proſtitute their bodies do diſgrace.
In penance, and a feeling tuch of ſadneſſe
But looke into, they would not be ſo baſe,
To gaine diſeaſes, but with hearts all rent
Redeeme the vnchaſt houres, they haue miſpent.

He that doth moſt addict himſelfe to ſin,
Did he but bathe his thoughts and once a day
Waſh through his earneſt meditations, in
The bloody ſweat of *Chriſt*, and truely pray
To be made cleane, by ſorrowes ſtrongly vrged,
Soone ſhould he hate his faults, & ſoone be purged.

But

But this to flesh and frailty is so strange,
So hard to thinke, so difficult to doe,
As tis almost impossible to change,
From bad to good though God in mercy woe
Mortality, to tast of mercies treasure,
Yet O, tis hard to leaue the baites of pleasure.

O thou that dallyest in secure content?
And dost not feele the sinnes that ouer-presse thee?
Thinke on his bloodie sweate and straight repent,
Before a heauier Iudgement do distresse thee?
And then alas, in that vn-hopefull state,
The time is past thou wilt repent too late.

Christs bloody sweate, was that distilling riuer,
The comfortable *Iordan*, whose faire streames
Did cleanse the *Syrian Naaman*, and deliuer
His bodie from the leprosies extreames:
We all are *Naamans* leprous, but more foule,
Till in his bloody sweate he purge our soule.

2.kin.5.14.

Christs bloody sweate that precious poole is, truely
Bethesda cald, where he that was dis-easd
For eight and thirty yeares, did waite most duly
To be put in, thereby to be releasd:
We all are sicke, and languishingly houer,
Till in his bloody sweat, we health recouer.

Ioh.5.2.

Christs bloody sweat, that *Siloam* is, where he
Must striue to wash his eyes, who was borne blind,
In which pure lauer, he attaind to see
With eyes of body, and with eyes of mind:
So must we wash, our blindnesse is so great,
In the fresh fountaine of his bloody sweat.

Ioh.9.7.

Esa.12.3. Iohn.4.14. Nu.20.13.
These are the waters of eternall life,
And he that drinkes them shall not thirst againe;
Not springs of *Meribath*, or floods of strife,
To moue contentions, or produce disdaine,
For such as tast this liquor, shall possesse
Sure peace of conscience, perfect happinesse.

Doth any loue to be in loue with beauties?
Come hither, in those drops he shall behold
Water and blood, both in their proper duties,
So liuely as Arts selfe would haue extold:
In curious figures, shadowing delight,
Blood like to red, and Water like to white.

Doth any couet time-beguiling song?
Come hither, heare is musicke in this sweate;
Words sung to God, spoke with a zeale so strong,
As that it doth his bloody sweate beget.
This must inchant the senses, and impart,
Not solace to the eare, but to the heart.

Ephe.5.19.

Doth any wish for costly fare or diet?
Come hither, banquet in his sacred passion.
Heres comfort for the soule, and perfect quiet,
Such food as *Christ* himselfe had in like fashion,
When talking with the woman at the well,
He eat what no man but himselfe could tell.

Ioh.4.32.

Doth any hope for Honor or promotion,
Come hither, let him meditate on this,
And with the sacrifice of true deuotion,
Lift vp his voice to aske continuing blisse.
And to him shalbe giuen with increase,
A crowne of glory, a firme throane of peace.

1.Pet.5.4. 2.Tim.4.8.

Doth

Doth any take content in strength and might,
Come hither from this bloud recouer trust,
And hee shall put the Diuels force to flight,
Rebate the dartes of Hell and iudge th'vniust: 1.Ioh.2.14
And beare the Crosse and conquer in like manner, Iam.4.6.
Safe Souldiers fighting vnder *Christ* his banner.

It is an honour in the eyes of men.
If when the King in person is in field,
Some forward spirit desperately then:
Assault his foe, and force him for to yeeld.
For which attempt, if such a one by right,
Vnder the standard royall be made *Knight*.

It is an honour, and to times succeeding,
This banneret shall purchase lasting fame,
What honour is it then if one lie bleeding,
Vnder the wounds of *Christ* and in his name?
By Christian combat, leuell in the dust
The worlds aspiring sinnes deuoting lust.

Hee that doth ouercome himselfe and see,
His guerdon by the holy written word,
Is a faire *man at armes* more strong then hee,
Who plowes vp *Kingdomes* with his threatning sword
For greater enemies incampe about,
Mans owne weake heart, then any are without.

Here lurkes adulteries, fornication, rapes,
Murthers, false testimonies, slaunders pride, Mat.15.19.
Treason, backe-biting, euill thoughts escapes, Mar.7.21.
Thefts, foolishnes, affections fondly ei'de, 22.
Vncleanesse, couetousnesse, deceits and all,
Which brings the poore captiued soule in thrall.

Turne then thy weapons on thy selfe, O man,
And fight against those enemies within thee,
Beat downe thy proper strength, sincerely scan
The horror of those foes that aime to win thee:
Put plates of righteousnes vpon thy brest.
Eph 6.14. And haue thy feet shod with the Gospels rest.
Vers.15.

Gird on thy loines with veritie, and take
Vers.14. Saluations helmet to secure thy head,
Vers.17. Beare vp the shield of faith and hourely shake
Vers.16. The spirits sword and on thy watchfull bed
Ibid. Keepe centinell when all thy powers retreat
Colos.4.2. Then come and bath thee in his *bloody sweat*.

Psa.42.1. For as the Hart long hunted on the mountaines,
Breathlesse doth pant for life but all in vaine,
Vntill reuiued in the liuely fountaines,
He doth recouer strength and breath againe:
So we of breath, of life, are all depriu'd,
Til in his *bloody sweat* we be reuiu'd.

The curse on man from God when first he fell
From the free comforts of possessed grace,
Was danger of a second death and hell
Eeating his bread with sweate vpon his face,
Gen.3.19. Then all his sweate his sorrowes did decree him,
This *bloody sweat* should frō his sorrowes free him.

Sweat was ordaind to get vs bread, which bread
Achab the king did to *Michaiah* giue
When to the prison causing to be led,
He did ordaine the prophet to relieue
With bread, which shewd his cruell iurisdiction
1.kin.22.21 In giuing bread, but bread twas of *Affliction*.

In

In sweate we eate our bread, such bread as *David*
A man of God, and chosen to his heart,
Cride out he had, when doubting to be saued
He bore the weakenesse of the Churches smarts,
Bread twas indeed, so kneaded vp in feares,
As well he witnest twas the *bread of teares.* 1.Sam.13. 14. Psa.80.6.

In sweat we eate our bread, such bread so scant,
As *Esay* promisd to the faithlesse Iewes,
Who being pierc't with famine, steru'd with want,
Sought stranger gods and did the knowne refuse.
Such bread is our bread, and be sweated so,
Bread of aduersitie, and *bread of woe.* Esa.30.20.

As then the sweat in getting of our bread,
Did set before our eyes the curse we liue in,
So may this *bloody sweat* abandon dread,
In onely which we know we are forgiuen:
Then let vs in those sweates redeeme time past,
Feeling the first, still haue in mind the last. Mar.10.21.

And still as often as our heart presents vs
The memory of our vnhappy fall,
By sweating for that bread which discontents vs
So often, let vs call to mind withall
This sweat of comfort, that doth hourely bleed
Our wofull soules with *bread of life* to feed. Luke.9.61. Mat.8.22. Ibid.22.

Let not the pleasures of vncertaine tast,
Beguile our palates to deceiue our hearts:
Let not the momentarie hopes that wast,
Inuite to folly that too soone departs:
But let vs looke on *Christ* the way and dore,
That all must tread as he hath gone before. Iohn.10.7.9.

Peter

Peeter and *Andrew*, *Iames* and *Iohn*, whom first
The Lord elected to be great on earth,
Mat.4.19. From men with men in rancke of men the worst,
The meanest in degree of baseſt birth,
When they were clad Gods glory for to see,
The only wordes he vſ'd, were *follow mee.*

Mathew surnamed *Leuy* who to raiſe
His eſtate to wealth and Houour ſate and tooke
Cuſtome, and tallage till his better dayes,
Approached when the time was he forſooke
Vaine truſt, and was God's glory cald to see,
Mar.2.14. The only wordes *Chriſt* vſ'd, were follow mee.

The rich man that to iuſtifie himſelfe,
By keeping whole the fire-condemning law,
Hee that was ſad to leaue his worldly pelfe
When the trew man to righteouſneſſe he ſaw:
To him then cald Gods glory for to see
Mar.10.21. The onely wordes he vſ'd, were follow mee.

Luke.9.61. To him that would be iuſt, but firſt had rather
To bid his gueſtes at home farewell and he,
Mat.8.22. Who choſe to lay into his graue his father,
Before he ment a *Nazarite* to be:
When they ſhould come Gods glory for to ſee,
Ibid.22. The only wordes he vſ'd, were follow mee.

Phillip when yet redemption was not knowne,
To bee on earth found ſuch a ſauing fauour,
As that the Lord did choſe him for his owne,
By calling him vnto the precious ſauour:
Iohn.1.43. Of life, to life, Gods glory for to ſee,
Yet all the wordes he vſ'd, were follow me.

Which

Which *follow me*, must not be vnderstood
In fastes of Miracle, or earthly pleasure,
Nor striuing, as he did, in sweating blood,
To know no sin, but to attaine the treasure
Of neuer-fading ioyes, of true saluation,
By holding worldly pompe in detestation. Io.2.15.16

For he who follows *Christ* must not respect
Promotion, money, glory, ease delight:
But pouerty, reproofe, and selfe-neglect Ro.13.14.
Disgrace, teares, hunger, cold, thirst, scorne, despight, Mat.10.37
Friends, father, mother, brethren, children, wife, Mat.19.29.
Must be forgon, yea landes and goods and life.

His Crosse must be tooke vp, and as he was
In meekenesse, sufferance, patience, and sobrietie, Luk.9.23.
Such must we be, thus must we ouer passe 1.Pet.2.21.
The wars of frayltie, lusts sacietie, 22.
We must lay downe our liues, and gaine the crowne
Of life indeed, as life we do lay downe.

Vnto the simple was the Lord reuealed,
To men obscure, disdained, and vnlearned, Mat.10.39
His mercy from the mighty is concealed, 1.Cor.1.27
He onely of the poore will be discerned, 28.
That they who to the world are poore in show, Ioh.21.3.4
Might teach the world, and greatnesse ouerthrow. Mat.5.3.

When to the barre of iudgement we shall plead,
And hold vp guiltie hands, and sue for grace,
A booke shall be brought foorth thereon to read Psal.51.1.
A miserere mei, but our case
Wilbe so hard, our sins will so depraue vs,
As then our booke will come too late to saue vs.

For then our booke, the booke that doth containe,
The words of life, *Christs bloody sweat* and passion,
That booke will witnesse how we did disdaine
His loue, and driue vs to a desperation,
And then not euery one that cries *Lord, Lord,*
Mat.1.2. Shalbe receiu'd, for scorning of his word.

Then shall the *Lord* reply, for you I sweated
Sad drops of blood, and yet you would not loue me:
For you in agonie, my heart was heated,
My wounds did cry, yet would ye not approue me:
Mat.25.4. I know ye not, ye cursed creatures goe
Psa.6.8. Where damned soules do feele eternall woe.

Neuer may day giue comfort to your eyes,
But ouer-cloud you in perpetuall night:
Neuer hence forward may your hopes arise,
For to behold my life-restoring sight:
Let death and duels torture you for euer,
For you shalbe released *neuer, neuer.*

Here shall the *wantons* for a downy bed,
Be rackt on pallets of stil-burning steele:
Here shall the *glutton*, that hath dayly fed,
On choice of daintie diet, hourely feele
Worse meat then toads, & beyond time be drencht
In flames of fire, that neuer shalbe quencht.

Each moment shall the *killer*, be tormented
With stabics, that shall not so procure his death:
The *drunkard* that would neuer be contented
With drinking vp whole flagons at a breath,
Shalbe deni'd (as he with thirst is stung)
A drop of water for to coole his tongue.

The

The *mony-hoording Miser* in his throat
Shall swallow molten lead: the *spruce perfum'd*
Shall smell most loathsome brimstome: he who wrote
Soule-killing rimes, shall liuing be consum'd
By such a gnawing worme, that neuer dies,
And heare in stead of musicke hellish cries. Mar.9.44.

No sin that is not washt in true repentance,
Shall scape in euery sence to be perplexed:
But euery sin and sinner shall haue sentence,
To be without all end with horrors vexed. Rom.6.23.
And that not for a day, a month, a score
Of yeares, or terme, or time, but euermore.

For as the God whom such haue once offended,
Is infinite in maiestie and power:
So shall their tortures be to them extended
Most infinite, and ceast not to deuoure:
And after thousand thousand yeares, their sin
Is no more free, then when it did begin.

Loe here the view of soules condemn'd to hell,
Yet here is not the woorst of their indurance,
Their greater torments are for that they fell
From euerlasting ioyes, and knowne assurance
Of Gods great glory: which so long remaines:
As date-lesse as are their all-scorning paines.

Vnto the blessed shall he change his voyce,
And with as much grim horror as he spoke,
The curse of wrath: so sweet shalbe the voyce,
That with a gratious mildnesse shall prouoke
Laughter and comfort to the long distrest,
When he shall call them to his quiet rest. Luke.6.21.

Come (will he say) ye blessed of my Father,
Mat.25.34 Vnto the kingdome he hath chosen for you:
Since in the time of frailtie ye had rather
Then serue as worldlings, haue the world abhor you:
You gron'd, and sigh'd, and mortifide the flesh,
Waiting till I, your sorrowes do refresh.

My *Bloody sweate* won pitie in your eyes,
And you poore soules did loue me in my griefes,
My base reproofe you no way did despise.
Hungry, cold, naked, thirstie, your reliefes
Did cheare my dying heart: for which regard
Take *life eternall*, for your due reward.

Here shall the *Martyrs* slaine vpon the Alter
Reu.6.10. Of persecution, for his glorious sake
By Banishment, the sword, the axe, the halter,
The water, racke, the whip, the fierie stake,
No longer crie, *how long?* but rest in peace,
And haue such pleasures as shall neuer cease.

Here shall the meeke in spirit be exalted,
Ibid.11. The naked clothd, in perfect robes of white:
The poore that felt no tast of sin, be salted
With sauours of exceeding great delight:
The hungry fed, the sicke releeu'd, the chast
With honors, that shall neuer fall be grac't.

Those when the Trumpet from the flaming skies,
Mat.24,31 Shall sound a summons to the day of doome,
1.The 4.17 Heard shrill euen from the simple to the wise,
Shall with the Lord of glory fairely come,
Psa.50.3. And stand as witnesses, then to prouoke
Ioel.2.34. The Lord to iudgment, whiles the heauens smoke

Here

Here *Dives* from the flames he suffers in, Luk. 13.23
Lookes vp, and faintly, on the Lords right hand,
(Who comes to pay the wages of his sin)
Beholds poore *Lazarus* in triumph stand
And then his conscience prompts him, telling how
As he did once scorne him, he scorns him now.

What boots complaints? or whither can he run
To hide him from that presence? all in vaine
He cals to mind the follyes he hath done,
But cannot ransome backe his time againe;
Iustice pronounceth, as it iustly fitted:
Sin shewd no pittie, sinne must not be pittied.

Vnto this Audit and seuere accompt,
How we haue liu'd? what words we spoke, what praier
We made? what thoughts we thought? how wee sur-
In goodnesse? how the poore we did repaire? (mount
What can we answer? but in meeke accord
Confesse vs guiltie, and cry mercy Lord?

A sparrow cannot fall vnto the ground Mat. 10.29
Without the prouidence of God aboue: Ibid. 30.
Our haires are numbred, and we shalbe found
The heires of promise, as we hate or loue:
The secrets of our hearts are not our owne, 2. Cor. 4. 5.
Our hearts and secrets then will both be knowne.

Before the issue of which dolefull day,
When no excuse will be admitted there,
A time is giuen, and a tongue to pray,
O who will then that precious time deferre?
But whiles the sufferance of our God is great,
Fly to the safety of his *Bloody sweate*.

His *bloody sweate* the comfortable matter,
That must renew vs in the time of need,
Both meat and drink: blood, meat, & drink, the water,
Eph.5.26. The last to quicken, and the first to feed:
Iohn.6.55 *Water* the seale of *Baptisme* doth present,
And *blood* his *supper*: each a sacrament.

See here in earnest meditations, now
Eph 1.9.10 The mystery of all saluation,
How orderly God hath ordaind, and how
He wisely wrought it from the first creation,
So good this gracious God is to defend vs,
As he fore-thinks the means that must cómend vs.

When *Christ* prepar'd himselfe to die, and beare
The wrath of God that we in him might liue:
The time of his sowre passion drawing neare,
In which he was his life for vs to giue,
Retird alone his father to intreat,
His agonies brought forth a bloody sweat.

So when vpon the crosse he had indur'd
The bitter pangs of hell, and breathd the last,
Confounding death that had his death procur'd
When all the tide of cruell griefes was past,
A souldier with a speare did pierce his side,
Ioh.19.34. When blood with water gushing was espide.

Water and blood what could it else intend
Or wher-unto so likened could it be
But to the bloody sweat his soule did send
Before his death oppresst in agonie
That as the first before his death diminisht
De ath of the soule this in his death that finisht.

He

He di'd indeed not as an actor dies
To die to day, and liue againe to morrow,
In shew to please the audience, or disguise
The idle habit of inforced sorrow:
The Crosse his stage was, and he plaid the part
Of one that for his friend did pawne his heart.

His heart he pawnd, and yet not for his friend,
For who was friend to him, or who did loue him?
But to his deadly foe he did extend, Colos. 1. 21
His deerest blood to them that did reproue him,
For such as tooke his life from him, he gaue
Such life, as by his life they could not haue.

Great miracle of loue, redemptions wonder,
Where he that should be su'd to, sues to those:
Who would not sue to him, but still kept vnder
That better part which he in mercy chose:
Rare president of value, which discouers
How loue is scant, where plenty is of louers.

If we but looke into the little home,
The home of our owne selues, we may espie
How many pyrates still make haste to come
To wrecke our soules, whom whiles we do defie
We entertaine, and freely, but vnsought,
Make marchandize of what we neuer bought.

The pearle and the treasures which the Lord
Did witnesse, were of an vnualued price: Mat. 13. 44
Iesus did purchase of his owne accord 45. 46.
To free vs from our death deseruing vice,
And left vs for an heritage, the gaine
Of life immortall euer to remaine.

Hels gaping wombe which euery minute ſunke
Millions of ſoules, and would not be content
Pro.27.20. With ſtreams of blood, which greedily it drunke,
But ſtill cryde *more*, his mercy did preuent,
For he ſhut vp the iawes, and did acquit
The rau'nous gorge of that deuouring pit.

The euer empty ſwallow of the graue
And bottomleſſe confuſion of the deepe
His blood hath made in vaine, and this doth ſaue
From dangers, ſuch as dangers dayly keepe.
Deaths ſting it hath rebated and vn-edg'd
Such ſoules as were in ſorrowes bondage pledg'd.

What ſhould a ſinner doe? or whither flie
To hide him from his ſhame that euer wakes?
Poore man leſſe then a man who cannot die,
Nor cannot liue ſo much his Care miſtakes,
And ſtill he drawes deſtruction with his breath,
As t'is all one to ſuffer life or death.

Sad thoughts like burning furies ſtill purſue him,
And ſeeke his life who them aliue doth cherriſh,
Fond thoughts whoſe inward eyes no ſooner view him
But kill that Maiſter, who once dead, they periſh:
His thoughts do tell his conſcience of his thrall,
His conſcience makes him thinke that he muſt fall.

What ſhall he crie to mountaines to conceale him?
Luk.23.30 Or ſhall he beg, the ſeas to ouer-drench him?
Pſa.139.9. The mountaines are remou'd and cannot heale him
Reu.6.14. The Seas are dry, and they cannot entrench him,
But euer as he hopes the light to ſhun,
In groping for the night he findes the ſunne.

A Sonne whose glory doth disclose abroade
The secrets of his hearts, and layes all open,
Lines out the sundry paths that he hath trode,
Vnfolds the seuerall treasons he hath spoken:
The inside of his bosome is apparant, 1.Ioh.3.20
And he hath none excuse to pleade his warrant.

What can he now resolue, but to retire
Vnto the sweat of *Christ*, and cleft in mind.
Humbled in meeke astonishment, desire
Comfort in this his bloody Bath to find:
Which bloody sweat, when euery helpe doth faile
To cure the soule, that onely doth auaile.

Pure distillations are but vaine receits.
Curious to draine, but comfortlesse in taste,
Compounded Cordials are vnwise deceits,
Whose vertue doth but with the present last:
Christs body is the Limbecke that must yeeld
Distilled blood, our soules from death to shield.

If pleasures, honors, money, gifts promotion,
Phisicke, restoratiues repasted diet,
Ease, cost, delights, cold heate, prophane deuotion,
Drinkes, purges, obseruation, courtly quiet,
Or one, or all, the soules spots could expell,
Great Kings had neuer ran so fast to hell.

The Princes of the *Sodomites*, the chiefes
Of *Aegypt*, *Achab*, *Eserod*, and the rest,
Had neuer felt the terrours of their griefes,
If *art* could haue a remedy expresst,
But therefore di'd they, cause they knew no good,
To purge them in the streame of *Christ his blood*.

The womans painting *Iesabel*, the whore
Of th' *Israelitish* monarch, could not hide
2.Kin.9.30 Her sins from God, but as her selfe was poore
In virtue, so she dy'd in naked pride:
O had she learne (*christs bloody sweat*) continu'd
1.Kin.19.1. 4 5. In his *Eliahs* griefe, she might have din'd.

But they whom worldly pleasures wrap in woe,
Esteemd this sweat a fancie or a fable,
Which one day they will find was nothing so,
When to recall againe they are not able:
And then this blood which hath procurd a crowne
Shalbe a flood, not to refresh but drowne.

What is a man but dust made vp in forme?
Gen.3.19. Fraile, weake, corrupted: keeping time in motion,
A ship at sea, tire-turnd with euery stormes
Eates, sleeps, and dies, vnlettled in deuotion:
In health vnbridled, in his yeates a span,
1.Pet.1.24. A fading bloome, and such a thing is man.

Mans beautie but a frame made vp in snow,
Immixt with waxe, which melts vpon euery Sun,
Euen so experience teacheth men to know,
How soone this worke of frailtie is vndone:
A winters frost, or summers parching heate,
Doth soone this pictures ornament defeate,

Yet as a cunning fire-worke lighted glowes,
Spits and with hissing wonders dares the skies,
Till being wasted, downe it fal, and showes
No more; his matter spent it weakely dies,
And vanisheth to aire and smoke, so men
In health are strong, but dying vanish then.

Men

Man as a cunning fire-worke in his power,
Dares God and heauen, and kicks against the Lord, Psal.12.4.
Till all his force be spent, then in an hower
Abates, decaies, fals of his owne accord:
Being indeed as nothing, in despaire
Of doing ill, fumes into smoke and aire.

But here is not the end of all his ils,
His greater soules vexation is behind,
A death which both the soule and body kils, Reu.14.18.
To which the miserable are confind:
And then too late they wish to coole the heate,
Of flames and brimstone, in *Christs bloody sweate.*

If one condemnd for some notorious fact,
Labour his pardon, and doth surely thinke
His life is safe: forgets his former act,
Doth reuell, sweare, prophane, carouse and drinke,
Whiles thus his iolly time he doth apply,
One sayes that he within an hower must die.

How cold that newes strikes to his heart? his cheeks
How soone they change their merriment, and he
With what submission pensiue, humbly seekes
For grace to alter that inhospitt decree?
How would he promise, beg, protest, or giue
All that he had, or could procure to liue.

Such is the case, who till the day draw neare,
Wherein we must surrender vp the sight
We hold of liuing: do our soules appeare
Slaues to disorder, seruants to delight:
But when we are arrested to depart,
Then we can feele the dolours of our heart.

Yet (*Christ* is not regarded, who stood vp
And in the last day of the feast cride out,
Ho come to me, all ye who thirst, and sup
Riuers of life, drinke freely round about:
And if there come a scarcitie of food,
My flesh shalbe your bread, your drinke my blood.

Io.7.31.38

Ioh.6.5.
Ibid.54.

Dull eares who will not listen to this call?
Dull eyes who will not see this fount of cafe?
Dull heart that will not shun temptations gall?
Dull soule that will not seeke this God to please?
Dul eares, dul eyes, dul heart, dul soule, whose strife
Nor heares, nor sees, nor thinks, nor seeks for life.

Life may be freed from euerlasting wrath,
Which is prepar'd for those which will not liue,
If they but aime to bathe them in the bath
Of *Christ* his blood, which he doth frankly giue
To cleanse and wash away each leprous spot,
That vse of sinne doth feed as sinne begot.

Besieged man-kind when the foe assaults,
Of number, lesse temptations, shrikes or feares,
Mew'd vp in care, and yeeldeth to the faults,
Whom as a weighty burthen still he beares:
And ere he loose the honour of the field,
Doth like a turne-coate, to his weaknesse yeeld.

Where now is faith? where is that courage now
Which proud mortalitie presumes it hath?
Base seruile frailtie doth despairing bow
To weare the fetters of consuming wrath,
So cowards boast in time of peace, but flie
When warres increase, and vnremembred die.

Others

Others there are, who smooth the front of sin,
And maske his vgly fore-head with the coulour
Of lust, ingendred nouelties; to win
Grace to their arts by making art seeme fuller:
And they their foolish wits with pride to proue,
Will striue forsooth to make a God of loue.

They are the diuels secretaries right, (hell
Whose rules haue drawne whole troopes of soules to
That might haue else bene sau'd, they day and night
Toyle out their braines, that mischiefe might excell,
They feele the whips whiles as they kisse the rod,
By making lust the diuell, and the god.

Loue is no god, as some of wicked times
(Led with the dreaming dotage of their folly)
Haue set him foorth in their lasciuious rimes,
Bewitch'd with errors, and conceits vnholy:
It is a raging blood affections blind,
Which boiles both in the body and the mind.

But such whose lawfull thoughts, and honest heat,
Doth temperately moue with chast desires,
To choose an equall partner, and beget
Like comforts by a like inkindled fires:
Such find no doubt in vnion made so euen,
Sweet fruits of succors, and on earth a heauen.

Such find the pastures of their soules and hearts,
Refreshed by the soft distilling dew,
Of *Christs deare bloody sweate*, which still imparts
Plenty of life and ioyes so surely trew,
As like a barren ground they drinke the pleasure,
Of that inestimable showre of treasure.

Mat. 12.36 If euery word we write, and speake, or thought
We thinke, or deeds we do, or hower we spend,
Shall one day to a strict account be brought,
When shall be made a whole and finall end.
Then all in vaine we shall condemnd that wit,
Act. 8. 22. Which hath in sinne or thought, or spoke, or writ.

Those Angels who as Porters guard the gate
Of Gods eternall kingdome, will controule
All entrance there, and curiously debate
Questions of quarrel with the trembling soule,
And like some churlish officer at court,
Keepe backe the presse of all the worser sort.

Here now the soule is baffaild whiles they chide,
What are ye? soules oppresst: but whither presse ye?
Into the court of God here to abide,
What sicke? yes sicke: whom seeke ye to dresse ye?
Mar. 2. 17. *Christ* our physition: who hath sent ye to him?
Our faith: what faith? such faith as coms to wo him

Woe him for what? for life: where are your seales
Of pietie and truth? lost, lost: O fooles
Mat. 22. 11. Get hence? our wounded care appeales
To mercy, promised in the sacred schooles:
To Iustice? no to mercy we behaue vs:
Iustice condemns you? yet will mercy saue vs.

Haue you then bathd your sins? in what: in sweat?
What sweat? his bloody sweat: we haue not known it:
Ah haue you not? no: then you are to great
In sins, sins? sins, and those haue ouerthrowne it:
Hence soules away, ye are too late deluded,
Thus are the wicked soules from heauen excluded.

Thus are the wicked soules from heauen excluded,
And torturd in the horror of their feares,
Heauens gate is shut, when they would haue intruded,
And al because they were too slacke in teares:
Which are the ready tokens *Christ* hath lent,
His bloody sweate on earth to represent.

Neuer was teare from any heart let fall, Mat. 5. 4.
In true repentance, but the Lord of grace,
Hath seene and botled vp, and kept it all
For such as must his sauing health embrace:
This is a rule in text for certaine giuen,
An eye still drie doth seldome come to heauen.

He who can gush out teares as twere a flood,
Of christall sorrows, and a zeale vnfained,
Doth purge his faults in *Christ* his sweat of blood,
And with his faults shal neuer more be stained,
Starsin their brightnes shal not shine so glorious,
Nor all the Kings on earth be so victorious.

Tis not enough to reade the Bible ouer,
Here to fold downe a leafe, and there to quote it,
Now to behold the Lord in blood, then houer
And range: but freely in thy heart to note it:
For where the *Word* doth tel vs *Christ* did bleed,
And sweat, there must our thoghts both drink & feed

Did but a King before a publike view,
Imbrace and kisse his subiect, how would fame
Speed such such a fauour, how would people sue,
To grace their seruice by his onely name:
So here doth *Christ* a much more griefe impart, Pro. 22. 23. 26.
And cryes to all, *My sonne giue me thy heart.*

My

Can.1.1.

My sonne giue me thy heart, and in exchange
Take mine, I both will kisse thee and embrace thee:
What heauenly words are in this voyce? O strange?
See sinner how the God of lone doth grace thee,
My sonne giue me thy heart, but giue me thine
And I will sweat in blood, to pawne thee mine.

God knocks, then let vs open: let not hell
Barre out the King of mercie: he intreates,
Let not the diuell disswade: God comes to dwell
With men, let men him entertaine: he sweates
For vs, let vs for him like dutie keepe:
He sweated blood, let vs in sorrow weepe.

A man that liues in pleasures, as his dayes
Increase, the dayes past ouer seeme a dreame:
Stil newer ioy, more hope of ioy bewrayes,
And as he liues, he lines still in extreame:
He wakes to sleepe, and sleeps in hope to wake:
So here is all the pleasure he can take.

Is this a life? O what a life is this?
To couet age, which being come is hated:
Whose end is death, which death the vtmost is
Of eu'ry lease that in the graue is dated:
They that enioy what their owne hearts can craue
Craue onely time, which brings them to the graue.

And here they die, and dying once die all,
Die al as they vnworthily haue liu'd,
No part of them suruiues, but feeles the thral
Of life in death, and death of life depriu'd:
Thus then the promise of al the worlds desire,
Beares life to die, then dies in life to tire.

Weary

Weary vnrest, and restlesse wearie woe,
That leads to pleasures in their birth abortiue:
How much more better were it to forgoe
A life so grieuous, and a death so sportiue?
And rest the griefes so numberlesse and great,
In the sweet slumber of his bloody sweat?

When *Pharaohs* heart was hardned, and deny'd
Freedome to *Israel*, the Lord to scourge
Pharaohs ambition and detested pride, Exo 8.3.
Which mercy could not win, nor mildnesse vrge: Ibid.19.20.
Commanded *Aaron* when he toucht the flood,
Th' *Aegyptian* waters all were turnd to blood.

Water was turnd to blood, but in this sweat
Here blood is turnd to water: as the first
Betoken'd plagues for sins, the last doth treat
Redemption from those sins, who were accurst:
The first his wrath, the last doth shew his loue,
His iustice this did, that his mercy proue.

By blood offences in the written law,
Vnto the law of grace were reconciled;
By blood offences must redemption draw, Heb:9:13:
From blood; which blood the Gospel now is stiled: 18.
The law, the blood of Goats and buls desired,
The Gospel hath the blood of *Christ* required.

A surety for his friend that is arrested,
Kept close in prison, bound in yron chaines,
Is hungry, cold, and weary, sicke, and wrested
To change of inward griefes, and outward paines:
Deserues from him for whom he assaast,
If not a full reward, yet thanks at least.

So he, who in the absence of his friend,
Whom malice hath vpbraided with abuse,
Doth vndertake his quarrell to defend,
Clearing the imputation with excuse,
Fights and is wounded; being wounded dyes,
May iustly claime the tribute of his eyes.

Iesus, the sonne of God was at our sute
Arested, and impriſon'd in the frame
Ioh.1.14. Of flesh; was fetter'd, and of no repute,
Tyr'd with his griefes, the by-word of defame,
All this he was, and did, yet to relieue him, (him.
Wee scarce can in our hearts finde thankes to giue

Reu.12.7.8 Hee vndertooke our quarrell with the Deuill,
Luk.1.71. When we were all vnable to resist,
And in that quarrell to discharge our euill,
Was wounded to the death, yet wee persist
Too obstinate in malice, and forbeare
Vpon his bleeding wounds to shed one teare.

Wee see vpon his furrow-drowned face
The print of sorrowes stampe, yet not regard him;
Wee see his honour leuel'd with disgrace,
Yet with our only thankes will not reward him:
'Tis bad to sin; sin 'tis to be vngratefull,
Sin is abhorr'd, vnthankfulnesse is hatefull.

Goe then Remembrance, tell that Queene of Reason
Mat.25.1. (Fayre bride to *Christ*) the Soule her louer comes,
Reu.21.9. Deckt in his wedding robes, and courts the season
With choyce of pleasures, and with many sinnes
Of sure deserts, inuites this wandring Queene,
To be as true as he to her hath beene.

Ladie

Ladie (quoth hee) thy fortunes haue not won
My heart to loue, thy beauty cannot force mee
To wanton dotage, what my care hath done,
No time shall alter, no reports diuorce mee:
For to my chaster flames thy zeale gaue fuell,
And I will guard thee, if thou be not cruell.

No dower from thy treasuries I craue,
No wanton dilliance in a bed of lust,
Thy pureneſſe is the portion I would haue,
Artleſſe simplicitie and steedy trust: Rom. 16. 19
And if thou proue but constant to implore,
Vertue with goodneſſe, I will aske no more.

Heere vowes the soule virginity, and sweares Cant, 2. 16.
Shee will bee only his, and meanes to doe it,
Vntill distracted in her fleshly feares,
She shrinkes from her first troth when she comes to it,
And like a strumpet false, she heere forswore,
That plighted promise she had made before.

Simplicitie was woo'd by youthfull lust,
And would not yeeld; young lust did see old sinne,
Old sin assaults simplicitie whose trust
Thus to make leſſe she timely doth beginne:
Faire daughter listen, time will come when thou
Shalt change thy hue, and be as I am now.

Vnhealthie, old, forsaken, and despis'd,
I lead a life, who was adored then;
Beautie amidst the croppe is only priz'd,
Faire soules, in youth, are chiefly lik'd of men:
But when my time did court me I for-went it,
And lost my daies, and now I doe repent it.

Daughter wilt thou alone liue vnpoſſeſt,
Of youths beſt ornaments and natures ioyes?
Wilt thou deny to be a mother bleſt,
In pretty daughters, and more pretty boyes?
O no, had not our mothers tooke their lot,
Wee had bene yet vnborne and vnbegot.

Heauen hath ordained thee to be ſweet on earth,
Both loue and youth do homage to thine eyes,
And wilt thou curbe thy ſelfe of pleaſures mirth?
By vainely ſtriuing how to be preciſe?
She that hath faireneſſe were as good haue none,
If foolhſhly ſhe keepe it all for one.

Yet you forſooth young miſtreſſe in the folly,
Of ſtanding on ſome pleaſure threatning text,
Dreame of ſome great renowne, in being holly,
Reade this, and that, and that, and what is next:
I know not what, and euer vainly plod,
In hope to marry with the Sonne of God.

No doubt: come yet, Ile tell a ſafer way,
If you will needs to that ambition clime,
Do it at laſt, but ſpend thy youth in play,
Reuell, enioy the freedome of the time:
And when y'are old, vnfit for ſport, bereauen
Of youth and ioyes, then you may think on heauen

Eze: 18. 21 22. Tuſh daughter, God reſpects thee in thine age,
As well as in thy prime, and he will beare
With fleſh and blood, then ſeeke not to ingage
Beſt of delight, before delights do weare:
And thou to God maiſt be (my words are truth)
As welcome in thine age, as in thy youth.

Wonne

Wonne is the ſoule with this, or rather loſt,
Sins ſweet temptation hath vndon the zone
Of Maiden chaſtitye, the feeld is loſt,
Luſt hath preuailde and *Chriſt* is left a lone.
For now the ſoule reſolues that ſports vnfold
Law to the young repentance fits the old.

Yet thus that kinde good God will not giue ouer,
But once againe by parley doth attempt,
To court this periur'd dame: and like a louer
Scorn'd of his Lady from all hope exempt,
Pittyes the ſhipwracke of her tainted name,
And yet by Mariage would recure her fame,

I know (quoth *Chriſt*) I loue thee, els I would not,
Haue ſwimd vnto thee in a Sea of blood:
More teſtifie my loue thou know'ſt I could not,
Long haue I ſtroue to bring they ſoule to good:
And witneſſe here this crimſon ſweat, howe I,
(O ſoule of man) doe for thy whoredomes dye.

How often in my boſome did I ſue
To haue thee lodg'd, how often did I call thee Luk. 13. 34.
From ſtrange imbracements; from affections new,
Whoſe only furfeit did too ſoone inthrall thee?
And yet thou would'ſt not come, till age bereft thee,
Then I muſt take thee when all els haue left thee:

When yeeres haue made thee all vnfit for action,
When luſt hath ſuckt thy Marrow drye, and thoſe
With whom thou hadſt conſpir'd in trothles faction,
Shall ſhun thy lewdneſſe, and deride thy woes:
To mee thou then wilt come and I muſt hide
The knowne defects of thy declined prid:

Call but to minde what 'tis to bee a whoore,
A whoore, the worst of creatures, trades her pleasures
With all diseases, liues till she be poore;
Sels all to buy damnation, neuer measures
Or shame, or health, but makes her bodies mart
Her soules confusion; such an one thou art.

Heb. 13. 4.

And though perhaps temptation might perswade thee,
That euen the winter of thine age shall finde,
If thou repent, mercie from him that made thee,
Bee not secure, for thou shalt feele thy minde
So farre deuided, so corruptly bent,
As then thou canst not if thou wouldst repent.

Redeeme the poore remainder of thy daies,
Deaden the lite of thy lasciuious lust,
Take pittie on thy selfe, forsake thy waies
Of licorish bondage, hate what is vniust,
Be trew to my desires, when sin assaults,
And I le forget thy wrongs, forgiue thy faults.

Eze. 18. 31.

Did euer man speake thus! was euer creature
In such a language courted, when the heat
Of wilfull madnesse wrought the soules defeature,
The God that should haue punisht, doth intreat:
Hee in whose power it is to scourge the sinner,
With words of mildnesse doth assay to win her.

Mat. 11. 28

Reade in this morrall, if it may be term'd so,
Christs loue, the soules infection, this is willing,
That wilfull, and eschues to be confirm'd so,
That from his loue she may behold distilling,
A sweat of blood, as if his blood complaines
To tell her of the horrors he sustaines.

Guilt

Guilt teades a lecture of her foule misdeeds,
And bids her looke vpon this streame of red,
Layes to her view the speaking sweat that bleeds,
When she lyes gasping on her death-full bed:
And then her conscience summon'd to the doome
Of Iudgement, hastes vnto her toombe.

When now (O God she cries) and haue I liu'd,
Ah shall I liue no more? Is grace and beautie
Vanisht so soone, of all respect depriu'd?
Must pompe and state renounce her wonted dutie?
Must my deuided soule contemn'd and lost,
Surrender vp my short appalled Ghest?

Inconstant fate, and wilt thou change thy course,
And leaue mee to the terrors of my dread?
Can gold prolong no life? Must life by force
Be shadowed with the ruines of the dead? Ioh. 8. 9.
'T is bad to die; but oh, I feele the curse Rom. 2. 15.
Of my owne conscience doth accuse mee worse.

Oh, had I twentie thousand mints of treasure,
Kingdoms to morgage, worlds within my power,
I would giue all, but for a lit le leasure,
A little little minute, one small hower,
That I might sue for grace, from grace cast downe,
But oh, I see my anger, God doth frowne.

Bee not, O be not mou'd thou glorious sonne,
Time was when thou didst sue to mee, I craue
Thy bountie of thy bloodie sweat; and runne
With confident assurance to my graue: Psal. 45. 2.
Thou art my spouse, I am thy bride, esteeme mee,
None but my Christ, none did but hee redeeme mee.

Heare

Heare I disclaime the follies of my will,
Heare I returne the sinnes my frailties gaue mee:
Heare I forsake my heart-inueigling ill,
Heare fly I to his oulie blood did saue me:
Mercie, O mercie, I commend as euen
My whordomes to the dust, my soule to heauen.

Christ is appeas'd, and where the soule is prest
With sence of knowinge shee hath done amisse,
Asking for grace, shee is with grace redrest,
Mat. 7. 7. Her case is pitied shee for giuen is,
But this so seldome hapneth and so rare,
Scant two such soules amongst a million are.

Presumption leads the readie path to hell,
For whilst wee looke on mercie we forget
The equallnes of *Iustice*, and compell
Our soules to runne into a greater debt,
That God is mercifull 'tis true, so must
Pro: 13. 10. Rom: 11. 20. Our bouldnes eke remember hee is iust.

Ofthath bin seene a woman who hath lou'd
Some constant friend who black mischance hath slain
How looking on his wounds shee hath bin mou'd
To rent her haire and fatallie complaine,
Cursing her birth and life, refraining food,
Kissinge the silent murmur of his bloode.

Weeping vppon his bodie, as if teares
Could make the gaping windowes that let in
Vngentell Death close vp, and then inferres:
Wrech, wreched villiane! could not such lookes win
Remorce in thy hard hart! with manie words
Which then against the butcher griefe affords.

Can

Can this a woman doe? And should the mule,
Behold her louer, Christ slaine, not lamenting,
Or should she entertaine a thought so foule,
As to gaze vpon his wounds without repenting:
Should wanton carnall loue so much deplore,
And shall not true religion doe much more?

A Soule which in the Gospell reads the Storie
Of Christs most bloodie sweat, and deadly wounds,
Cannot, in rules of zeale, but be most sorie,
Whilst sorrow mingled with remorce confounds Ioh. 20. 2.
Reason and sence, that spectacle to pittie,
Whilst both sigh out this lamentable dittie.

And art thou dead! and must mine eyes behold,
The Lord of glorie crucifi'd for mee!
And is he dead, is his sweet bodie cold!
Made earth with earth, and doe I liue to see,
The great acquittance of my debt discharg'd,
Seal'd with his blood, that I might be inlarg'd.

Vnhappie hand that gaue the fatall stroke,
Which wrought the subiect of my weeping eyes,
But most vnhappie mee, who did prouoke
With blushlesse sinnes, the cause for which hee dies: Gal. 2. 1.
But I, if it were possible, would faine,
With kissing of his wounds, fetch life againe.

Take heere the tribute of my mourning heart,
A poore weake widowed souls complaints remaining,
Fit earnest of my death-desiring smart,
Smarting in death, and dying in complaining: Psal. 22. 16.
As my offences did my Sauiour peirce,
So with my sorrowes will I decke his hearce.

First, I abiure all sin-contriuing thoughts,
Heere I renounce each sin-inuiting words,
Then eu'ry sin-effecting acte which dotes
On flesh, I will no more: let Heauen record
My fast indissoluble vowes, I striue
For *Christ* alone, his votarie to liue.

His wounds shall be my cloyster, heere immur'd,
Ile sequester my solace from the liuing:
1. Pet. 2. 24. His drops of blood my beads, with which secur'd
Ile scote the prayers of my heart misgiuing:
My waxen Taper, whose cleere light applies
Light to my blindnesse, shall be his faire eyes.

My booke, the Legend of his Storie; Zeale,
The incense I will offer vp; Contrition
My penance; the confession I reueale;
My guilt; my Hope the comforts of fruition;
His Spirit my Confessor; Faith the gift,
Which must absolue mee; and his Loue my shrift.

Whiles on the Alter of his Innocence,
Ile lay the poore oblation of my heart:
His Death shall be the Pardon to dispence
With all my sins, set free in euery part:
My teares the holy water, and the fires
To burne this sacrifice, my chaste desires.

And now, my God, no day shall ouerslip mee,
But I will meditate on thy great passion;
My selfe accusing conscience shall so whip mee,
As I will neede no other condemnation:
Psal. 22. 16. Bee thou but pleas'd to pittie those my teares,
And eu'ry day Ile wet thy tombe with teares.

This, if a man can picke out time to doe,
His conscience may assure him that he is
A sanctifi'd creature, and cald to
The happie tydings of eternall blisse:
And thus he may be sure that for *Christs* sake,
Chists bloodie sweat, he doth indeed partake.

So is he purg'd with water, fed with blood,
Regenerate in Baptisme, and made whole
By eating the Lords Supper, tasting good
In the repasted diet of his soule:
Whereby those bloodie streames of sweat did staine
The cheekes of *Christ*, were not all spent in vaine.

God will not thinke the heauinesse he felt,
Euen to the death, when he was man with vs,
Paynes cast-away: but as in loue he dealt
With soule-endangered men by suffring thus:
Yet will he not repent, when he shall know
What thankfulnesse in heart we doe bestow.

Psal. 50. 14.

The crimson dye of his carnation red,
Hath washt the soule in puritie of white,
The conduit of the water that he bled,
Hath dy'd the soule in graine of wisht delight:
Water hath dy'd, and blood hath washt, 'tis strange,
But true; his vertue hath procur'd this change.

Esay 2. 18.

Nor is it strange since the most curious eye
That saw him lead his solitary life,
Whiles he was man on earth, could not espie
One blemish in his actions, prone to strife,
But all he spoke, or did, was wonders theame,
For euen the coate he wore was without seame.

Ioh. 19. 23.

For euen the coate he wore was without seame,
Implying his sinceritie and truth,
Vnmou'd in ioy, vndaunted in extreame,
Nor fearing age, nor vainly spending youth:
Louing where he was hated, ayming still
To saue from death, such as were bent to kill.

To saue from death, such as were bent to kill,
Men, bloodied in the feates of cruell hate,
Of hatefull crueltie, and to fulfill
The wrath and measure of a wofull state:
Yet those with gentle sighes, and teares, his ayme,
Stroue from the day of vengeance to reclaime.

Stroue, from the day of vengeance to reclaime,
A day of vengeance, when they shall behold
His wounds, to whom they gaue a deadly maime,
Zech. 13.6. Crying *Reuenge*, and they themselues be fold
Vnto an heauie doome, yet *Christ*, who saw it
With meeke perswasions labour'd to withdraw it.

With meeke perswasions labour'd to withdraw it,
1. Pet. 2.21. And taught them by example how to shun
Death, whiles they liu'd, who would not ouer awe it,
But headlong to their owne destruction run:
Yet He, when no inuitement could intreat,
Wept for their errors in his *bloodie sweat*.

Wept for their errors in his *bloodie sweat*,
His *bloodie sweat*, that crucifi'd delight,
Delight, which all was smother'd in a heat,
An heat of passion, an vnsollac't sight:
Vnsollac't sight, when hee with griefes repleat,
Wept for sins error in his *bloodie sweat*.

Eyes were the Instruments ordayn'd to weepe,
But eyes in such a case must not suffice;
For his whole bodie did due order keepe,
It vndertooke the office of his eyes,
That as his eyes his precious teares did waste,
So did his heart, bleede teares of blood as fast.

Wherein his sorrowes sadly did abound,
Not measur'd by compulsion, but free will,
That as his eyes, so might his heart be drown'd,
Surcharg'd with burthens of amazing ill:
And if his shedding teares his blood did paine,
His drops of blood, pai'd back his teares againe.

His eye was but an echo to his heart,
Which answer'd euery accent of his woe,
While both his eye and heart did beare a part,
As said the one, the other echo'd so:
Was euer man as *I am?* (quoth his eyes) Lamen. 3. 1.
I am, (alas, his heauie heart replyes.

His Eyes cry out in teares, *O cruell paine!*
O cruell paine his Heart saies! (quoth his Eyes)
And must I then be slaine? I must be slaine
Answeres his Heart, his eyes, *Ah let me die,*
Me die, his Heart; his Eyes dye, dye content,
I die content, his Heart, thus both consent.

Not like the fawning of some subtile queane,
Some *Dalilah*, that flatters and beguiles, Iudg. 6. 4.
Knowing Arts rule, how to abuse the meane,
To laugh in teares, and both to weepe in smiles:
Christ could not doe so, he wept teares in deed,
Such teares as 'twas all one to weepe or bleed.

He wept not to deceiue, but to reuiue;
He bleeded not in shew, but bled in proofe:
Not like the Crocadile, life to deprive,
But gaue such life, as nere was, not aloofe:
He wept, he bled, he bled, he wept a flood,
Blood in his teares, and water in his blood.

Weeping and bleeding for offending men,
His *bloodie sweat* in agonies so fitted,
As for his enemies he groned then,
So for his owne, and sins by both committed:
His enemies conceiu'd a fatall loathing,
His owne perceiuing all, conceiued nothing.

Those few Apostles who had heard him teach,
And knew him to be Gods begotten sonne,
They 'mongst whom he euery day did preach,
Seeing the miracles that he had done:
Were weake in faith, in vnderstanding dull,
Poore in their plentie, steru'd with being full.

Blindnesse so farre their ignorance did tempt,
With weaknesse of belicfe (ambitions feast)
As knowing *Christ* was come, yet still they dreamt
Of pettie Kings, or being Dukes at least:
Supposing *Christ's* spirituall Kingdomes mirth
Contain'd a goodly Kingdome here on earth.

And as the Anti-christian throne is now
Propt vp with scarlet robes and triple crownes,
To vassaile Princes rights, and to allow
All as it likes, or hates, with smiles or frownes:
Commanding, forcing, with his proud decree,
Such did they hope the throne of *Christ* should bee.

For when the Lord had finisht now his errant,
Returning to his Father that had sent him;
Sealing his power with his deaths strict warrant,
When neither Hell nor Sathan could preuent him:
Yet dreamt they on, and said Lord (as before)
Wilt thou thy Kingdom now to vs restore? Acts 1.6.

Could this but breed his griefe, when he foresaw
Peters deniall, his Apostles scatter'd?
His owne to feele the rigour of the Law, Luk. 22.57.
Zeale cold, Faith dead, Hope lost, frailtie batter'd: Ioh. 16.32.
Deuisions breeding, Kings aspiring great?
All these, and such like brought his *bloodie sweat.*

For shortly he beheld the comming curse,
Vpon the sacred Scriptures Commentaries,
How, though the Jewes were nought, a people worse,
Whose studies are the Deuils Seminaries,
Should make the name of *Iesus*, the disguise
Of countenancing impudence and lyes. Mat. 24.23 24.

Such, like a nose of waxe, doe wrest the word
To colour sinne, and hellishly peruert
Christs sacred Gospell, whiles with one accord
They boast the glorie of their owne desert:
Damning the simple and the poore in minde,
As serues their lusts, *Blinde guides to lead the blinde.*

All those the Lord foresaw, and gron'd in Spirit.
Sweated in blood, was heauie to the death,
That so his precious passion, blamelesse merit,
Should be abus'd, that he had giu'n his breath,
His life, his ghost, his soule, yet could not win
Such wretched creatures, from inchanting sin.

Inchan-

Inchanting sinne, that with it's cunning charmes
Luls men in death-full sleepes, and slily makes
Impostum'd vlcers of vnsenced harmes,
Prou. 2. 10. Rockes them in Lethargies, and neuer wakes
Reason, to feele the bane-impotion'd wrath,
Which by such dead securitie it hath.

This was the cause that from our Sauiour drew
A *bloodie sweat*, so grieuous to be borne,
As did the eyes of cruell men but view,
How with this bloodie tempest he was worne,
Humane compassion could not choose but melt,
To thinke vpon the sorrowes which he felt.

No measure did his payned soule acquaint
With ease or respite, no Arithmeticke
Cast vp the summe of his vnheard complaint,
No heart conceiue the dolours that did pricke
With fiery stings, his manhood, and appall
His face with streames, which burst in twain his gall

Fos as a Riuer running in a round,
Hauing no vent or sluce to slide away,
Will make, by force, eruptions in the ground,
Drowne all the neighbour-land, and neuer stay,
Till with a violent course and headlong rage,
It slacke his strength, and of it selfe asswage.

Euen so the tide of many griefes abounding,
Sweld in the bosome of the Sonne of God,
Still growing to a head, and still confounding
His fraile mortalitie (deepe horrors rod)
Till bursting foorth with might and furie great,
It drown'd his bodie in a *bloodie sweat*.

Who

Who euer saw (as often hath beene seene)
A shoure of blood, but thought it did portend
Some doome of Iudgement, or some angry teene
Of heauens-incensed King? So heere the end
Of this strange bloodie raine, doth shew in briefe,
How shortly *Christ* was to be wrapt in griefe.

The pangs of death, th'intollerable paines,
Which wofull creatures were to vndergoe;
The man *Christ Iesus*, in this sweat sustaines,
Consuming wrath, and soule-deuouring woe
He felt, that he, vs men might timely free,
From Gods vnchanging, and diuine Decree.

Not that his death could abrogate the will
Of his great Father, for he aym'd not to it;
But that, in death, he wholly might fulfill
The eternall Iustice, as hee came to doe it:
Who as hee, death from men for sin required,
Had in his Sons death, more than death desired.

Yet neither did the *Death* or *Bloodie sweat*
Of *Christ*, extend to soules ordain'd to Hell:
But to the chosen, and elect, beget
A double life, although the Scriptures tell
How this meeke *Lambe of God* did chiefly come
To call the lost sheepe, and the strayers home.

Mat. 9. 3.
1. Tim. 1. 13.

Looke how the blessed doe partake the good
(Sweete pledge of bountie, precious Seale of Ioyes)
Which issues from his *Water* and his *Blood*,
So both alike the *Reprobate* destroyes:
Gods mercies to the *Righteous*, to his foes
Are Iustice, to augment their enlesse woes.

When *Isack's* seede fled from th'*Egyptian* force,
And through the Red Sea tooke the readie way,
The waters stood on heapes, and staid their course,
Psal.78.13. Both waues and windes the passage did obey:
And in those waters safely past on ground,
Exo.14.28. In which, whiles *Pharaoh* follow'd, he was drown'd.

Whereby, as water sau'd the Lords Elect,
And led them through the terrors of the deepe,
So water, to them of a deuilish sect,
Prou'd sodaine death, and neuer-waking sleepe:
1.Cor.10. *Christs bloodie sweat* is that Red Sea, whose power
1.4. Secures the good, and doth the bad deuoure.

The Cloude and fierie Pillar that gaue light
Vnto the children, in the desert plaines;
The one by day, the other shin'd by night,
Exo.13.21. Guiding their iourneis, comforting their paines;
Exo.14.20. Were to the Hoast of *Egypt*, mistes obscure
To blind their eyes, and certaine death procure.

Which burning Pillar, and which shining Cloud,
1.Cor.10.4 Is *Christ*, vnto whose blood such are baptiz'd,
As by the Holy Spirit are allow'd,
When otherwise, all such as are despis'd
Are darkned in the comforts of their sight,
And loose the glorie of this holy light.

A greater ligh, more holy and Diuine,
Surpassing all the splendour of the Sun,
Could neuer to the eyes of mortals shine,
Then this most sacred *Blood*, which hath vndon,
And laid to pub'ick view the Mount of Euill,
Which both was fram'd, and colourd by the Deuill.

In

In after-times, when in the winters cold,
Folkes vse to warme them by their nightly fires;
Such Parents as the time of life termes old,
Wasting the season, as the night requires:
In stead of tales, may to their children tell,
What to the *Lord of glorie* once befell.

Once, may they say, (my childe) a time there was,
When men were beasts, so cruelly they liu'd,
As they did nights and dayes in pleasure passe,
Like some of Reason and of Sence depriu'd:
Not fearing God, or louing man, giu'n ore
To Lust and Will, as beasts could doe no more.

The naughtie Deuill slylie did intice,
By sensuall sports and pittilesse deceits,
Our weake fore-fathers to insnaring vice;
Masking his tyrannie with wanton baites:
And wee, in them, did euery thing he wil'd vs,
Till the foule feind (my childe) had almost kild vs.

But straight, when our good God almightie saw,
How neere vnto the Pit-hole wee were brought,
For being not obedient to his Law,
He forthwith of a remedie bethought:
And hee, to saue vs from this wicked Feind,
His onely *Sonne* into the world did send. Eph. 1. 9 10.

A louely *Sonne* (my childe) a daintie boy,
Who had a cheeke as red as any cherie,
Sweete babie, was his mothers only ioy,
And made her heauie heart full often merie:
Who, though he were Gods Son, yet like a stranger,
Hee in a Stable borne was, in a Manger. Luk. 2. 7.

And poore, God knowes he was, (my childe) not fine,
Or like a gentleman in gay attyre:
But simple clothes hee had, which was a signe
How little to be proud, hee did desire:
Yet if hee would haue sought for worldly grace,
Hee might haue gone in silke, and golden lace.

When he was twelue yeeres old (marke this my child)
Hee was a perfect Scholer, and did pose
Luk. 2.46. Great learned clarkes, and Doctors, but so milde
As hee would neuer chide, but rather chose
To teach then anger, and one might perswade him
To doe whats'uer any bodie bad him.

Thirtie good yeeres and odde, this blessed man,
Liu'd on the earth; in all which time he seem'd
So comfortlesse, with lookes so pale and wan,
As if he had not bin by men esteem'd,
Luk. 8.23. Full many an hungry meale he made, and lay
Bare-leg'd and bare-foote many a day.

Hee neuer laugh'd, but he did euermore
Weepe, weepe continually; and (O my child)
Hee neuer did none harme; he holpt the poore,
Cur'd tht diseas'd, and such as were beguild vs)
With witches, and with wicked things (God blesse
He droue them from vs when they would oppres vs.

And hee made much of children, and did good
Mat. 19.14. To euery one, yet wicked men did striue
To take away his life, and shed his blood,
Whiles yet this blessed *Iesus* was aliue:
And on a time, he was so much dismaid,
Luk. 22.44. Hee *sweated blood*, as he his prayers said

But

But what is worse then this, (hard-hearted Ievves)
Did hang this good good man vpon the crosse,
Nayling his feet and hands, and did misuse
This gentle soule, whom they did fiercely tosse
From post to pillar, and would not be still'd,
Vntill they had this, our *Redeemer* kill'd.

Heere now, may bee, the prettie childe will weepe,
And aske his parents why they vs'd him so;
To which they may reply, that God did keepe
His soule aliue, though life he did forgoe:
For *Christ* (my childe) so dy'd, then may they tell,
That euery one might be redeem'd from hell.

Much might be added more, to spend the howers,
In better leasure then an anticke tale;
Teaching the sillie hearers how the powers
Aboue reseru'd vs from the Denils sale:
Whom had not *Christ* his blood regain'd the wrath
Of life, all vs lost, sin had sold to death.

Come then, sad Patron of this *bloodie sweat*,
And with thine euerlasting comforts cherish
Vnfenced *Faith*, which daily is beset
With treasons, which intice the soule to perish:
In the delicious *Bath* of *Blood* and *Water*.
Cleance leporous Soules, and Hels dominion batter.

And here, my God, the glorious Sonne of peace,
I close the musicke of my weeping song;
And further to inlarge, thy sorrowes cease,
Beseeching that thy Spirit may be strong,
To moue my heart, and gently to commit
To meditations, all the lines I writ.

Let not the frailtie of my youth misled,
Psal.55.7. Be once remembred in the day of grace;
Let not the bloodie drops which thou hast bled,
Condemne me guiltie; let thy wounds deface
The wounds of mine infection, now begin
Psal.51.2. Throughly to wash mee from mine odious sin.

The howres and daies which I haue spent in vaine,
In fruitlesse studies, and inuentiue pleasure,
Redeeme, O *Christ*, and call them backe againe,
Doe not, in Iudgement, mine offences measure:
But, in thy mercies, hide my faults; protect
My sighes, let thy loue couer my defect.

Heere, Sauiour of the world, worke that I may
Begin to liue anew, and in this theame
Of thy sad *bloodie sweat*, learne out the way
Of life indeed, and wake mee from the dreame
Wherein my Soule long slept, and felt the terrour,
Of double two Apprentiships to errour.

And now my God, if I discharged haue,
This imposition of thine heauenly taske,
Iud.6.37. Some token of thy being pleas'd I craue,
Some certaine knowledge of thy will I aske:
For Heauen, and Angels with my soule, record,
I no way haue traduc'd the written word.

No malice to detract from rules of State,
No singuler conceit to purchace fame,
No pointing at some person, neither hate
To any priuate wrongs, haue made mee name
The Plurisies of sin; but as thy *Sweat*
All sins hath purg'd, all sins I did repeat.

For

For which, as first thy Spirit did inuite,
In holy raptures to aduance my minde,
From earthly slime, of holy things to write;
So hauing written, likewise let mee finde
Of thy most precious priuiledge, some token
To grace the trueth of all that hath bin spoken.

Heere, in the pensiue solace of my Soule,
Me thought, a soft coole winde did gently breath,
As if my spirit were now transported whole,
Vnto another life, from carnall death:
When straight a shining light perfum'd the roome,
Out of which light, a whispring voyce did come.

Rest there (it said) and toyle thee now no more,
Knit vp the period of thy trembling Stile;
And learne to liue, not as thou didst before,
But in a smoother course; and I the while,
Will teach thee how thou shalt attaine the place,
Where quiet soules doe end their happie race.

For since thou hast with such a modest care,
(Although thy verse doe want the grace of words)
Limn'd out my wounds, and told them as they are,
So liuely as thy simple skill affords:
Ile take thy meaning in the better part, Mar.12.43
And for thine offring will accept thy heart.

May bee, some wandring eye that shall survey
This wonder of my *Sweat*, in those thy numbers,
Will take a truce with time, and shake away
From off his Soule, the lusts wherein it slumbers:
Then hast thou hid a multitude of sin, Iam.5.20.
If all thy paines, one Soule from ruine win.

And

And blessedly hereafter shall succeed,
Thy studies and thy labours, if thou shunne
The path that thou hast trode, and wilt take heed
To vndoe the many follies thou hast done:
For if thou haue respect vnto my Lawes,
Before my Father I will plead thy cause.

But thou, marke well these words; *A time shall be*
When *Reason* shall beate downe the force of might,
And *Natures Sonnes* shall wish for peace, but see
Th'effects of blood, and feele the scourge of fight:
Now vnrespected, and not felt: but men
Shall, what they had vnprais'd, remember then.

Happie the soule that sleepes in peace, and thou,
Prouide against such daies, watch, fast, and craue
Phil.2. A dissolution, and prepare thee how
Thy conscience may be furnisht for thy graue:
Nor doe repute it for a fabling iest,
Which sayes; *Good conscience is a daily feaste.*

Feast on in that, and henceforth be secure
In strength of Faith: let all thy cares be eas'd
By bathing in my *Blood*, and fountaine pure
Of this my *Sweat*, and I in this am pleas'd:
Rest thou, for loe, the Angels in their rankes
Waite my returne; thy labour be thy thankes.

Vp flew the light, and silence shew'd the voyce
Retir'd to stilnesse, which depriu'd my sence
Of all the glory of that heauenly noyse,
Which with such sweet content departed thence:
Forthwith, my Soule, her wonted habit tooke,
And Seal'd vp my comforts in a booke.

FINIS.